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 SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 12, 1910.

WORK IN EDUCATION.
 Pres. Kingsbury of the University of Utah, in an address before the faculty of the Training school this week, advocated a unique educational experiment. He suggested the education of a certain number of boys and girls without books, and mainly outside of the school room.

The proposition was to take a class of pupils in hand by means of walks or excursions to places that would appeal most strongly to the child's interest, and that would serve to show him various phases of the world's work, such as the organization and co-operation of human beings in industrial pursuits, the materials used, the products turned out, and the uses to which they are put; also to visit the field, the farm and the garden, in order to take some part in the work of these phases of industry; and to become acquainted with the environment in general—the trees and flowers, the rocks and soils, the birds and insects, the weather and its effects upon the activities of men and animals.

The speaker expressed the belief that if several groups of children could thus for several years be handled by teachers who would enter sympathetically into such work, without any reference to books, and without any attempt to teach, directly, the formal subjects, then these pupils would probably learn more, think better, be more able to draw sound conclusions, as well as becoming better fitted to observe intelligently and to act effectively than those who had spent the same length of time in the usual kind of school work.

If Dr. Kingsbury's view is correct, or even if it contains a good deal of truth, then the waste of labor that daily goes on in the work of education must be enormous in amount and important in consequences. It is just possible that the too early and too continuous use of the symbols of thought may have a tendency to unfit the child for the best intellectual work and for the practical affairs that nearly always predominate in the lives of adults.

It may be recalled how President Roosevelt pointed out in his speech at Lansing, in 1907, that education should not confine itself to books. It must train executive power, and try to create that right public opinion which is the most potent factor in the proper solution of all political and social questions. Book-learning is very important, but it is by no means everything, and we shall never get the right idea of education until we definitely understand that a man may be well trained in book-learning and yet, in the proper sense of the word, and for all practical purposes, be utterly uneducated; while a man of comparatively little book-learning may, nevertheless, in essentials have a good education.

Education, according to Mr. Roosevelt, should create an intimate relationship as is possible between the theory of learning and the facts of actual life. Educational establishments should produce highly trained scholars, of course; but in a country like ours, where the educational establishments are so numerous, it is folly to think that their main purpose is to produce these highly trained scholars. Without in the least disparaging scholarship and learning—on the contrary, while giving hearty and ungrudging admiration and support to the comparatively few whose primary work should be creative scholarship—it must be remembered that the ordinary graduate of our colleges should be and must be, primarily, a man and not a scholar.

The suggestion of Pres. Kingsbury goes still further. It aims to educate by seeing, thinking, and doing at first hand. It would substitute direct perception of truth and reality in field or shop or store, for the indirect acquisition of it in the schools from the printed page. It would mean the interpretation of personal experience on the part of the learner, as he meets life day by day, in place of the present method of trying to impress upon him the experience of some one else as it is found recorded in the books.

On this new plan, education would not be merely a preparation for life. It would be life itself, interpreted and guided for certain definite ends. If the experiment should prove successful, it would probably revolutionize school methods. It would take both teachers and pupils into the field, the forest, the garden, the factory, the counting house, and relieve alike the drudgery, the monotony, and the nerve-wrecking physical strain that, under present method, breaks down so many of the teachers and their pupils, and renders them more or less unfitted for the duties of active and healthful living. We do not see why such an experiment should not be made. The State should hasten to provide for the making of a number of such experiments. Those hitherto made upon iron, wood, chemical reagents, and the electrical properties of matter, have paid for themselves a thousand times over in the physical comforts and conveniences enjoyed today as a result of such experiments in scientific laboratories. Why, then, should not experiments made upon the child, by skilled, cautious experimenters who understand child nature be able to yield similar returns in shortening and making more productive of results, the many

years of the student's life now devoted to acquiring a very faulty education? We trust that some means will be discovered whereby an experiment so significant and important shall be given thorough and impartial tests.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.
 The average citizen may well be pardoned if he confesses to a sense of justification in viewing the latest moves of the City administration. The first impulse of all decent minded people is to jubilate over the moral awakening which apparently bills the air, and to range himself squarely behind the authorities in their endeavor to reduce the number of saloons in the City, to up-root the gambling dens, and to make life in Salt Lake unendurable for the unrepentant parasites who flourish on women's shame.

But immediately there arise in his mind, puzzles which set the average citizen to cogitating, and the more he cogitates the more uncertain appears the proper course to pursue. He can not fail to remember that the elements against which the onslaughts of the City officials are now directed, are the very elements which those officials carefully garnered, registered and voted on election day. The police officials themselves were openly accused of doing this special work, and we have never heard the accusation denied.

Then too, the thoughtful citizen must recall that Mr. Mulvey, one of the leading saloon men of the city, was elected to the City council, and that in the council he was given a membership on the license committee. Why? Simply that he might look after the interests which the City authorities are now ostensibly warring. Is not this a case of somewhat tardy repentance?

Neither, too, can one overlook the fact that there is a county election coming on, and that these spasms of virtue have suspiciously regular periods of recurrence, always just before, and never just after, the "American" make their appeals to voters. The City treasury is denuded, plucked, milked almost dry, but there is fat picking to be had in the county treasury, and the political cormorants are already gathering in preparation for the feast that shall follow an "American" party victory.

Think, too, of the spectacle of the Father of lies entering the pulpit—in other words, of the Tribune's calling a halt on gambling and Sunday liquor selling! Well may the average citizen go about groping his way, amid such Stygian darkness and wondering where he may find an explanatory ray of light.

But aside from all these considerations, forgetting for the moment the motives that lie back of these moves, ought not all good citizens to unite and support the measures now being taken against vice and crime?

Surely here is a chance for Civic leagues, Betterment associations, Young Men's Christian associations, Young Women's Christian associations, ministers of all sects, Gentile, Jew and "Mormon" to stand up and be counted on the side of decency and right. Even if the crusade is only temporary, some good may be accomplished, and if the City administration shall be found really in earnest, everyone ought to lend a helping hand. The decent elements in the so-called "American" party, at least, headed by the mayor, have sounded the alarm over the tremendous inroads being made by the vicious classes, which are overrunning the City.

Every lover of the City's fair fame and of the moral welfare of the young, should extend a helping hand in the conflict that is now waging.

As for the police force, the trouble with that body is organic. Strive as hard as the mayor and chief of police may, everyone will doubt whether they can accomplish any real good as long as they select their material from the well known breeding grounds of "American" party voters, and no others. The real trouble is that the average policeman is a hail fellow well met with the average sport, the average Sunday drinker, the average free and easy individual who thinks the town ought to be "wide open" and that all laws and ordinances which interfere therewith are treasons and out-dates. The classes from which the police are themselves recruited, have little or no sympathy with the views of that part of the community which objects to all-night saloons, slot machine theaters, Sunday baseball, stud machine gambling, street parading, and kindred evils. The "American" party came in on the "free and easy," "wide open" wave, and the moral sense of the police force is not apt to rise higher than the level of the element which created it.

THESE ARE THE FACTS.
 Our anti-Mormon morning contemporary denies that plural marriage was at one time practiced "under the silent consent of the government," as stated by the "News."
 Who knows not that the great founder of the State of Utah, President Brigham Young, was the Governor by government appointment? On the 29th day of September, 1850, he was nominated for Governor of the Territory by President Fillmore, and his appointment was confirmed by the Senate, Sept. 28, 1850. His term expired in 1854, and he was then reappointed by President Pierce, though his views on plural marriage were known to all the world. He served out his full term of four years, and no objection was made to him, on account of his family relations. In 1862 the first anti-polygamy act was passed by Congress, but very little effort was made to enforce that law for many years. This is a matter of general knowledge, and the ignorance of the Tribune on this subject, is surprising.

In 1886 a meeting was held in this City at the Masonic hall, to memorialize Congress for modifications of the Culbourn bill, which has been passed by the House. Among those present were General Maxwell, Colonel Overton, J. R. Walker, Ed. B. Kelsey, Henry Lawrence, W. H. Shearman, E. W. Tullidge, T. B. H. Stenhouse, and others. At that meeting Mr. Kelsey referred to the belief among the people that no steps would be taken to enforce the law of 1862. He, therefore, considered

Congress responsible, to an extent, for the present feelings of the people on that subject. Mr. Kelsey certainly knew what he was speaking about. Mr. Stenhouse took the same view. He said that if there had been a wrong in the past conduct of the "Mormons," with respect to the violation of the law of 1862, he considered the government equally responsible. He related that he had heard President Lincoln say that if the "Mormons" let him alone he would let them alone. The effect of this meeting and the general agitation against the measure was that it never became law. History, as usual, bears us out in the statement the Tribune denies.

THE "MORMON" VIEW.
 Rev. C. F. Russell, of Brooklyn, is quoted in a dispatch to the Chicago Record Herald as having said, recently, that "there is no hell," also that ministers are quoting the Bible, especially the educated ministers. The gentleman said:
 "This talk of hell has long ago made of the Christian teaching a disordered hallucination and driven away from God and the Bible many intelligent minds. No one, for instance, would question the sincerity of Honest Abe Lincoln, yet he never could profess any claims to any sect which taught this nonsense. I feel that the original paths to Christ and His teaching have been lost, cluttered up with denominational differences until we of this day are groping blindly around and, therefore, we have lost interest in religion and fail to feel its vitality."
 Ministers are doubting the Bible—nearly all educated ministers now doubt the authenticity of the Scriptures as being the inspired word of God. Who nowadays believes in a personal, fireproof devil, pecking fires, to roast unhappy and disembodied mortals while he sits gleefully by with his long tail and cloven hoof? There is not, nor never has been, such a being.

We may say that the Old Testament "hell" is "sheol," which means, undoubtedly, the grave and the unseen state into which the dead disappear from mortal view. "Hades" in the New Testament means the same, to mere human view, dark and dismal region. It means literally "that which is darkness."
 In ancient times, sheol, or hades, was supposed to be a vast receptacle where the dead existed in a separate state until the resurrection of their bodies. The upper part of this region was paradise, and there the departed good souls were kept. The lower part was Gehenna, the abyss, in which the wicked were subjected to punishment. In the Apocalypse the idea of a lake of fire is found, and "the snake of their torment" ascending forever and ever. But both death and Hades disappear from view, being cast into the lake of fire, at the end of the day of general judgment.

From these Scriptural representations and ancient conceptions, imperceptibly understood by many, the modern intermediate purgatory and the final hell with fire and brimstone, have been evolved or constructed. The most awful scenes of eternal torment have been painted before the frightened eyes of the children of men. And this, Rev. Russell says, has driven educated ministers to doubt the Bible.

It is a significant fact that the Prophet Joseph, as early as March, 1830, was led to announce to the world that eternal punishment does not mean never-ending torment, but that it is called eternal because it is the punishment meted out by the Eternal one, in the hereafter, in eternity. "For, behold, I am endless, and the punishment which is given from my hand, is endless punishment; for Endless is my name; wherefore, eternal punishment is God's punishment. Endless punishment is God's punishment." Later it was revealed that the "sons of perdition" are doomed to "suffer the wrath of God, with the devil and his angels in eternity." "These are they who shall go away into the lake of fire and brimstone, with the devil and his angels, and the only ones on whom the second death shall have any power." "All the rest shall be brought forth by the resurrection of the dead, through the triumph and the glory of the Lamb."

This is the "Mormon" doctrine. It is in harmony with the Scriptures, and also with reason. It shows us that the mercy of God endureth forever and reaches beyond the grave; that the vast majority of the human family shall reach a state of happiness, "through the triumph and the glory of the Lamb," and that only a very small portion shall sink lower and lower in enmity toward God, until they are beyond redemption and must share the final fate of the fallen angel and his followers, in the "lake of fire" through which they are overtaken by the second death, from which there is no resurrection.

If Ministers would study the doctrines of "Mormonism" they would not become doubters of the Bible. For "Mormonism" testifies to the truth of the Scriptures and harmonizes a great many of the difficulties there found. "Mormonism" does not ask anybody to believe in a devil with tail, hoofs, and horns. But it recognizes an evil principle for which a personal agent with a numerous following, both invisible and visible, stands in opposition to God, and that there is war between the two forces. It recognizes eternal punishment as a natural consequence of transgression, unless the sinner sets himself right by repentance and the yielding of obedience to the laws of his Maker. It is in full harmony with both the Scriptures and reason.

GREEK TRAGEDIAN AT THEATER.
 An entertainment of more than ordinary interest will be given in the Salt Lake Theater on Tuesday evening, March 15, by Professor Lecatza, of the royal dramatic college, Athens, Greece. Mr. N. P. Stathakos, of this City, whose guest the Professor is, says he is regarded as the Booth of Greece, and this is borne out by the press notices. The New York Herald, of March 9, 1909, said in part: "Mr. Lecatza speaks English perfectly, has played in London frequently. . . . appeared last night for the first time in this country. . . . He recited in English Hamlet's soliloquy 'To be or not to be,' an act from Richelieu also in English, and a scene from the 'Merchant of Venice.' There was feeling

and pathos in Mr. Lecatza's "Shylock," and somber dignity in his "Hamlet." . . . and the audience was greatly impressed."
 The program on Tuesday evening will consist of recitations and renditions of characters from "Hamlet," "Richelieu" and "The Merchant of Venice." He will be assisted by Miss Lilly Tolhurst and other local talent. It is the first appearance of the Greek tragedian in this part of the country.

JOHN B. MAIBEN.
 With the departure of Elder John B. Maiben, of Mantli, one of God's noblemen has left this sphere of action for a higher one.
 For a number of years Brother Maiben was counselor of President Canute Peterson, of the Sanpete Stake, and as such he always took a great interest in the spiritual and material welfare of the people. In the pulpit he was eloquent and sincere, and always had something to say worth while listening to. He was a staunch Latter-day Saint, always ready to defend the principles of the Gospel; but he was, at the same time, broad-minded and liberal. He gladly opened the meeting-houses to speakers of other denominations. He was a constant and faithful friend. In his home he was an exemplar. Peace and love reigned there, and the visitor who entered his threshold felt their influence. They filled his home with a sacred atmosphere. No one who ever knew Brother Maiben can forget him. He was a gentleman in everything that word implies.

For some time Brother Maiben suffered from weak eye sight. The shadows of the valley were gradually lengthening and deepening upon his path. Now the struggle is over. The shadows of death, but the immortal part has gone where friends gone before await him. He has left the scenes of earthly strife to be with Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, the prophets and apostles of old, and the Prophet Joseph, Brigham Young, and the other men of God in this dispensation whom he loved so well. If he could come back and tell of his impressions, it would perhaps be in the words of the poet:
 "Oh, what is this splendor that beams on me now,
 This beautiful sunrise that dawns on my soul,
 While faint and far-off land and sea lie below,
 And under my feet the huge golden clouds roll?
 There are millions of saints in their ranks and degrees,
 And with a beauty and crown of his own;
 And there, far outnumbering the sands of the seas,
 The bright rings of angels encircle the throne.
 My God! and it was but an hour ago
 That I lay on a bed of unbecomable pains;
 All was cheerless around me, all weeping and woe;
 Now the walling is changed to angelical strains."

EARLY CLOSING.
 The movement for the early closing of the stores, on Saturday evenings ought to have the support of the general public. The employees, after having worked hard all week, are entitled to a rest on the evening preceding the Sabbath. They should be given an opportunity to go home and prepare themselves for Sunday.

The writer, many years ago, spent some time in the home of a Jewish family in Palestine. Their Sabbath began with the setting of the sun Friday evening. At that time the house was set in order. The table was laid and the candles in the candlestick lit. Every member of the family was clad in holiday attire. On the Saturday they all had time for worship, because they had "remembered" the Sabbath day, to keep it holy, and prepared themselves for it.

Some custom would not be without good results among our own people. They ought to "remember" the Sabbath. They ought to retire so early that they can rise in time for private and public worship. They ought to have as much as possible of the necessary household done beforehand, and not make of the Sabbath chiefly a day of cooking and cleaning. The early closing of the stores would help materially.

But it seems to us that if public sentiment succeeds in closing the legitimate places of business, the saloons ought to be closed, too. Public sentiment ought to force the distributors of damnation to close their establishments before the decent places close. It is to be feared that, with all the stores closed and the saloons open on Saturday evening, money that ought to be spent for food, clothing, shoes, books, etc., would find its way to the saloon-keepers' fat pocketbook. So, in advocating early closing, let us not forget the dens where death and destruction are sold.

Is a comet a star performer?
 Some coiffures look like the very old hairy.
 Bridge often furnishes a pathway into society.
 Light fingered folk usually work in the dark.
 In Virginia it is always "bucky to the farm."
 Competition isn't the life of anything any more.
 A dog license costs more than a poetic license.
 No danger of a baby swallowing its mother's hat pin.
 Securing playgrounds for children is no child's play.
 Sometimes the road to success is a very devious way.
 There is no silence so painful as that which comes from being gagged.
 "Blessings on thee, barefoot boy," was never written of a barefoot dancer.
 There is one thing that "Uncle Joe"

has got clinched all right, and that is his fist.
 Why stretch the truth when it is so easy to make a lie out of whole cloth?
 An English naval program would stagger Uncle Sam almost to blindness.
 It is much better to take oneself too seriously than to have a policeman do it.
 Up at Albany, N. Y., Woodruff is making Timothy hay while the sun shines.
 Patrons of Maybray's "millionaires' club" and their money were soon parted.
 Find out where the foot is tenderest and it is easy to tell where the shoe pinches.
 New York is to have portable school-buses. This insures the advance of knowledge.
 So far the Philadelphia sympathetic strike does not appear to have made much of a hit.
 The return from Elba was a sorry

sneak compared with what the return from Africa will be.
 Apples from the Hesperides could hardly be more expensive than the apples offered for sale in this city.
 After being chased out of the Manchester exchange Mr. James A. Patten should feel more chastened.
 If the Philadelphia Rapid Transit company won't give in it may give out in its struggle with its employes.
 What more proof can Congress want that Commander Peary reached the pole than Matt Henson's unillustrated lecture?
 Before there can be any great reform in Salt Lake anti-Mormon" politics must be got rid of. That is the moral leprosy spot.
 "Chewing the rag" very well describes the testimony produced by "the prosecution" in the Hallinger-Pinchot controversy. It shows a state of feeling rather than a state of things.
 Mrs. Jack Cudaby, whose husband cut and slashed Banker Jere Lillis, says she has received a score of offers to go on the stage. Her presence there would be another uplift for the stage.

is hard to see why anyone should be dissatisfied with it, but some come New England, on the ground that it "rocks and hills," "swiss and temple" will be a surprise to many to be told that these features are exclusively New England features, and exclusively if he had been foolish enough to suppose that a national hymn must necessarily mention of every part of our vast added numerous stanzas worthy of the several sections and interests of our wide of our field. For myself I feel no need of any such patriotism "cribbled," "canned" and "continued" by Dr. Smith's hymn, and I love the following additional stanza:
 The great ones and the small,
 Which here are mixed,
 On Jew and Irishman,
 Pole and Italian,
 Greek and Hungarian,
 My love is fixed.
 I love thy cotton fields,
 The fertile soil that yields
 Harvests of health,
 I love thy iron mines,
 Coal, silver, iron, and gold
 Copper and zinc untold
 Huge stores of wealth,
 I love thy alkali plains,
 Transcontinental trains,
 And geese springs—
 Thy boundless fields of grass,
 Thy stores of natural gas
 And other things.
 The concluding words imply that the subject is not exhausted, but by the time one has sung through the original stanzas and the three supplementary ones, he will probably be satisfied to meditate silently on "other things" which memory or imagination calls to mind.

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY
 THE HOUSE PAINTER WHO DISCOVERED THE CURVED BALL.
 By J. E. Edwards.
 This daily series of anecdotes and incidents that throw new, interesting and frequently dramatic light on famous events and personal lives of Brooklyn have been collected by Edwards during nearly forty years of more or less intimate acquaintance with many of the country's leaders since the Civil war. Each anecdote or incident is fresh from Mr. Edwards's notebook, either in whole or in part, it constitutes New News of Yesterday, garnered from the men who made the news—the history—or from equally authoritative sources. As important contributions of the "Human Interest" sort of American history, these articles have a distinctive value all their own.

One day in the late fall of 1876, when I was returning from the state capital in Hartford, Conn., to my office, I saw ahead of me a tall, snawy, yet slender man, carrying a paint pot and brush in one hand, and dressed in paint bespattered overalls and in a painter's cap. He was walking slowly and deliberately up and down a street, and as he was so occupied I came up and recognized him as none other than Arthur Cummings, who, for several years, had been pitcher of the then famous Hartford baseball nine, and had a country-wide reputation as the discoverer of the curved pitched ball. We knew each other slightly, and so I stopped and asked him if he was looking for any street or house to paint. "Yes," he said, with characteristic modesty, and yet with that innate dignity which also always distinguished him on the ball field. "I am looking for the house of a Mr. Welch." Then, doubtless having seen my look of surprise at finding him, the famous baseball pitcher, in a painter's outfit, he added, smilingly, "You know, I am a house painter by trade. I shan't be able to pitch very much longer, at least with any big baseball nine, so I am getting my hand in at my trade, and I am on my way to paint a Mr. Welch's house."

We were walking along by this time in the direction of Cummings' job. Soon we spied some boys playing ball upon a vacant lot across the street. Cummings stopped and looked at them for a moment. "Why," he exclaimed, "that youngster is trying to pitch a curved ball. I'll go over and show him how." And sulking action to his words, he went over and gave the youthful pitcher a lesson in curved ball pitching, much to the delight and amazement of all concerned when they had recognized their idol in his strange uniform.

At last we resumed our walk. "Mr. Cummings," I said, "I have heard that you were the first man ever to pitch a ball with a curve. Is that so?" "No, I don't think I was the first man to pitch a curved ball," was the reply. "I think that Martin of the old Eckfords had the curve, not mine, but a kind of curve; and I am sure

that Zettlin, who was the great pitcher of the Atlantics when they were champions, pitched a curved ball, and that Tabor, who is now a policeman in New Haven, pitched a curve when he was playing with the old Unions of Mauretania with which George Wright once played."
 "But none of these pitchers knew that he had a curve, and I suppose it is fair to say that I was the first to find out what a curve is and how it is done."
 "Hicks was catcher and I was pitcher of the recent professional Stars of Brooklyn. I noticed that very few batsmen could hit me, and finally I saw that when I pitched the ball it swerved outward before it reached the batsman. Then, when I had thought about this a little, I said to myself, 'That ball does not go in a straight line until it begins to fall; it curves outside of the horizontal line, and that is the reason why batsmen cannot hit it.'"
 "Well, I studied and experimented until, at last, I found that if I held the ball between my fingers and thumb in a certain way, and gave it a certain twist of wrist just as I delivered it, then the resultant motion that the ball took produced a curve. I wondered how that could be and I made up my mind that the rotary motion of the ball created a vacuum on one side, the outside, and the pressure of the air on the other side caused it to swerve. I had found out the secret of the curved ball. I then bestowed it to Tommy Bond, and he could make a ball curve either way."

In this modest way the discoverer of the curved ball, which has made modern baseball possible, narrated to me the story of his great find.
CALL FOR A NATIONAL HYMN.
 Cor. Springfield Republican.
 Every few years the American public is informed that it has no national hymn or song that is quite worthy of our national greatness, and an appeal is made for a brand new substitute. Sundry attempts have been made to respond to the appeal, but, as might have been expected, these cold-blooded efforts have fallen flat, and Dr. Smith's "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" continues to hold the place which its intrinsic merit deserves. It

is hard to see why anyone should be dissatisfied with it, but some come New England, on the ground that it "rocks and hills," "swiss and temple" will be a surprise to many to be told that these features are exclusively New England features, and exclusively if he had been foolish enough to suppose that a national hymn must necessarily mention of every part of our vast added numerous stanzas worthy of the several sections and interests of our wide of our field. For myself I feel no need of any such patriotism "cribbled," "canned" and "continued" by Dr. Smith's hymn, and I love the following additional stanza:
 The great ones and the small,
 Which here are mixed,
 On Jew and Irishman,
 Pole and Italian,
 Greek and Hungarian,
 My love is fixed.
 I love thy cotton fields,
 The fertile soil that yields
 Harvests of health,
 I love thy iron mines,
 Coal, silver, iron, and gold
 Copper and zinc untold
 Huge stores of wealth,
 I love thy alkali plains,
 Transcontinental trains,
 And geese springs—
 Thy boundless fields of grass,
 Thy stores of natural gas
 And other things.
 The concluding words imply that the subject is not exhausted, but by the time one has sung through the original stanzas and the three supplementary ones, he will probably be satisfied to meditate silently on "other things" which memory or imagination calls to mind.

ONLY IN THE DAWN.
 Brooklyn Standard-Union.
 Thomas A. Edison, writing in the Independent, agrees with other thinkers that humanity has a good way to travel before it gets out of the shadows of the jungle. After saying that we have five senses are pretty dull detectors, and that we perceive only a little that comes within their range, he declares: "We don't know; we just suspect a few about the wonderful advance into the unknown during the past 100 years on the question of the state of development of the human mind may be compared to the immaturity of a boy in 10. Every step will open up vistas which are not even yet dreamed of."

WELL! WELL!
 It's surprising.
 How much more progressive the people look since we started to French dry clean and press their clothes. Calbed for and delivered. No extra charge.
 Salt Lake Cleaning & Dyeing Co.
 353 South State St.
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 Do not let your supply run too low.
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 "Rock Springs"
 IS STILL LEADER.
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 40 West 2nd South St.
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 —Out-fitters to Women—
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Advance Show-
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Women's and Misses'
Tailored Suits, Gowns,
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Women's Gowns
 Just received, of Foulard, Changeable Taffeta Silk, Pongee and Crepe Meteor, in all the prevailing colors.
\$25.00, \$37.50,
\$50.00, \$75.00.
The Charlton Shop
 122 SOUTH MAIN

is hard to see why anyone should be dissatisfied with it, but some come New England, on the ground that it "rocks and hills," "swiss and temple" will be a surprise to many to be told that these features are exclusively New England features, and exclusively if he had been foolish enough to suppose that a national hymn must necessarily mention of every part of our vast added numerous stanzas worthy of the several sections and interests of our wide of our field. For myself I feel no need of any such patriotism "cribbled," "canned" and "continued" by Dr. Smith's hymn, and I love the following additional stanza:
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 The great ones and the small,
 Which here are mixed,
 On Jew and Irishman,
 Pole and Italian,
 Greek and Hungarian,
 My love is fixed.
 I love thy cotton fields,
 The fertile soil that yields
 Harvests of health,
 I love thy iron mines,
 Coal, silver, iron, and gold
 Copper and zinc untold
 Huge stores of wealth,
 I love thy alkali plains,
 Transcontinental trains,
 And geese springs—
 Thy boundless fields of grass,
 Thy stores of natural gas
 And other things.
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